

Athletics Baseball Champions of World

HURLS ATHLETICS TO CHAMPIONSHIP

OLD SIDE-WINDER PROVES MASTER OF M'GRAW'S MEN

New Yorkers Are Helpless Before Cross-Fire of Eddie Plank.

BREAKS OF GAME AGAINST GIANTS

Mathewson, Big Idol of Manhattan, Pitches Great Game, but American League Leaders Fight Carefully Planned Battle Against Him to Victory.

BY DAMON RUNYON.

New York, October 11.—They do come back, sometimes. Eddie Plank, the oldest in point of service, proved it this afternoon. The veteran southpaw hurled the Philadelphia Athletics to a world's championship at the Polo Grounds this afternoon, beating the New York Giants in the fifth and final game of the series by a score of 3 to 1. Thousands of Philadelphia fans piled out on the field as Larry Doyle was retired in the final inning, and, picking up the "Gettysburg Gatling," they bore him in triumph from the field. Once beaten in this series by the great Christy Mathewson, many doubted that Plank—thirty-nine years old, and thirteen years a big leaguer—could return after such a short rest, but the box score shows the game he pitched. Again he was opposed by Mathewson, and again the big baseball idol of Manhattan pitched a great game, but before the old side-winder, the Giants hung helpless where they needed the punch.

It was a game lacking in the spectacular features that have marked nearly all of the other four encounters of the series. The Athletics fought a carefully planned battle against "Big Six," a plan apparently based on the idea of eliminating the first ball he pitched at them.

Fred Merkle, one of the most unlucky, and at the same time one of the most brilliant of ball players, whose misfortunes seem to fall heavily upon him in series such as the one closed this afternoon, contributed a play that would have been termed a wonder had it gone through, but which, falling in execution, came to be regarded as rather damaging. He is a foxy manager, but he has not probably not this play that really decided the title.

The Athletics had the better team. They not only had the better team in this encounter, but out of the ball field. Handicapped as they were by injuries, the Giants did well to get one game out of five.

Plank pitched steadily from the start to finish. While the game passed off in quick time, due to the rapid fielding on both sides, the veteran had to go slowly. He is not as young as he once was, but he is still a great pitcher in the game to-day, and one that will long be remembered by the 40,000 people packed in the stands.

Giants Confident. The Giants were confident enough when they faced Plank. Like the fans, they did not believe it possible for Eddie to come back, especially as he seemed to be failing in the final innings of the game he lost to Mathewson over in Philadelphia. Several members of the team expressed the opinion that the veteran would not give them as much trouble as he did on that day, but they were badly fooled.

In times of stress Plank would pause in his pitching, tighten his belt, walk around the box, and otherwise "stall" until he felt ready to go on again. It is said that during the game in Philadelphia, when Eddie Collins, "Black Jack" Barry and other impetuous young infielders of the Mack men were calling on him to hurry.

"I'm an old man, and I've got to take my time."

They did not talk to him much to-day, save in tones of encouragement, and the man who would be considered in his very prime in the ordinary walks of life, but is regarded as an almost feeble old man, showed how well he has studied them since he first faced them two years ago.

There were a half dozen instances where the breaks of the game were made against the Giants, but this decidedly against the Giants, but in view of the marked disparity between the teams. Big Larry McLean, who had to all the vacancy behind the bat caused by the injury to Chief Meyers, and who has been a star at the bat at least, contributed the blow that gave the Giants their one run. McGraw coolly no chances with Snodgrass in center field. Tillie Shafer played that position again, and Herzog was at third.

Start In With Rush. The Athletics went into the game with more rush than they have displayed at any time during the series, even when they were winning. It is a peculiar outfit, these Athletics, silent, and rather unimpressive at all times, but at all times carrying a tremendous weapon that can disconcert the stoutest pitching arm. They seemed to go in to-day determined to end the fight, and they

World's Series Games

First game, Tuesday, at Polo Grounds, New York—Athletics, 6; Giants, 4. Batteries: Bender and Schang; Marquard and Meyers. Second game, Wednesday, at Shibe Park, Philadelphia—Giants, 3; Athletics, 0 (ten innings). Batteries: Mathewson and McLean and Wilson; Plank and Lapp. Third game, Thursday, at Polo Grounds, New York—Athletics, 5; Giants, 2. Batteries: Bush and Schang; Tarsara, Crandall, McLean and Wilson. Fourth game, Friday, at Shibe Park, Philadelphia—Athletics, 6; Giants, 5. Batteries: Bender and Schang; Demaree, Marquard, McLean and Wilson. Fifth game, Saturday, at Polo Grounds, New York—Athletics, 3; Giants, 1. Batteries: Plank and Schang; Mathewson and McLean.

BLAME FOR DEFEAT PLACED ON BURNS

Marquard Says He Wanted to Show Strength of His Arm Before 40,000 People.

LAST CHANCE IN SEVENTH

Mathewson Greatest Pitcher Ever Produced, Not Barring Johnson or Plank.

BY "RUBEN" MARQUARD.

New York, October 11.—It broke our hearts, that's all. It just broke the hearts of the Giants, every man in the club, to lose with Matty pitching the ball he did. Mathewson is the greatest pitcher this country ever produced, not barring Walter Johnson or Eddie Plank.

Burns probably lost that last game for us because he thought too much of his arm. All the season McGraw told this kid not to play the circus stuff. To-day, that is what Burns showed. He wanted to show the strength of his arm before 40,000, and he lost the ball game. Later McGraw's head when he could have not obdurate at the plate if he had made a bounce throw.

"That was a bad thing for you, Burns," said McGraw, when Burns came back to the bench, "but you are going to be a great fielder next year. This is why McGraw is a greater manager than Connie Mack."

McGraw had one of the weakest hitting clubs that ever won a National League pennant, while Connie Mack had a heavy hitting club, and I will say that they never outbrained us. We were told that the Athletics had no pitchers. Well, Mack had the men under cover. He is a foxy manager, but he hasn't any more brains than McGraw, and the National League winner next year will beat out the American League winner.

Places Blame on Merkle. We could have won the game in the seventh with two men on and one out. The Athletics were about to blow at that time, and this was demonstrated by the whole infield coming in and losing an infield pop. But Merkle could not come through with a hit in the pinch, and that was what lost us the series.

He hit fairly well, but we could not hit when a good pitcher was in there and needed a jolt. When I say a good pitcher, I mean Mathewson, because he was the only good pitcher in the series, and honestly it was something terrible to see him beaten in this game. Mathewson had this series so much at heart that he was staggering when the game finished.

The only thing you can say is that these Athletics are a better and stronger crowd of ball players than they were in 1911. I do not believe that there was ever a club that could double play like these fellows. They were simply wonderful every time there was a chance for a double play. They seemed to be absolutely positive that they would make it.

The Giants fell down on their infield work, and the Athletics really showed us up. As a matter of fact, our pitchers could not hold up these heavy hitters, and if the Giants are going to win another pennant, they will have to get in a couple of clean-up hitters.

KNIGHT J. F. LOVE TILTS PERFECTLY

Maryland Boy Wins First Prize in State Fair Tournament.

By perfect tilting, making eighteen straight rings six of which were of the small, half-inch variety, J. F. Love, Knight of Prince George, Burtonville, Md., won the honors of the old-fashioned tournament, which featured the last day of the Virginia State Fair, yesterday. Mr. Love is one of the best horsemen in Maryland, and his opponents were also skilled in the tilting game. The championship of Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina and the District of Columbia, will rest with him until the next State Fair, when the honor will again be contested for. The first prize was \$200 in cash.

Thomas Head, Knight of Norton Hill, of Barrenburg, Fairfax County, Va., won second money, \$120, by making sixteen rings.

Henry Richardson, Knight of Norriaville, of Washington, D. C., a prize winner at many tournaments, won fourth money, \$50, by making eleven rings. Langley's horse went lame, which prevented a higher score for him.

There were eighteen starters, but several knights dropped out when they failed to make rings on the preliminary round. After the third round of three rings each, (Continued on Fifth Page.)

Veteran Southpaw Hurls Team to Championship



EDDIE PLANK, THE "GETTYSBURG GATLING."

BOEHLING TELLS WHY GIANTS LOST

Every Team in American League Better Than Any in National, From Top Down.

BY JOE BOEHLING.

New York, October 11.—The Giants lost because they lacked pep. I watched all of the games as closely as I could with one eye lame, and from my way of thinking, if McGraw's men had gone into the fight with as much dash and as much confidence as Mack's men they would have put up a

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

MEDICAL COLLEGE LOSES TO A. & M.

Hold North Carolina Aggies to Close Score on Water-Soaked Field.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Raleigh, N. C., October 11.—On a water-soaked field the Agricultural and Mechanical College held the Virginia Medical College, 53 to 0, in the last game of the preliminary season. Only ten points were scored on the same eleven last year. Eight touchdowns were made to-day, and five of these were

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

VIRGINIA KEEPS UP GOOD SHOWING

In Last Preliminary Game, Defeats Hampden-Sidney by Score of 53 to 0.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Charlottesville, Va., October 11.—Virginia kept up her good showing to-day by defeating Hampden-Sidney College, 53 to 0, in the last game of the preliminary season. Only ten points were scored on the same eleven last year. Eight touchdowns were made to-day, and five of these were

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

OFFICIAL BOX SCORE

New York.	A. B. R.	H.	O.	A. E.	Philadelphia.	A. B. R.	H.	O.	A. E.
Herzog, 3b.	4	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0
Doyle, 2b.	4	0	0	1	7	1	0	0	0
Fletcher, ss.	3	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	0
Burns, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	1	2	0	0
Shafer, cf.	2	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0
Murray, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0
McLean, c.	3	0	1	3	1	0	0	0	0
Merkle, 1b.	3	0	0	1	4	0	0	0	0
Mathewson, p.	2	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0
Crandall, x.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	28	1	2	27	15	2	30	3	6

xBatted for Mathewson in ninth.

Score by innings:	R.
Philadelphia	1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-3
New York	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0-1

SUMMARY.

First on errors—Philadelphia, 1; New York, 1. Left on bases—Philadelphia, 5; New York, 1. First on balls—Off Plank, 1; off Mathewson, 1. Struck out—By Plank, 1; Mathewson, 2. Sacrifice hits—Collins, McInnis. Sacrifice flies—Baker, McInnis. Double plays—Barry, Collins and McInnis; Collins, Barry and McInnis. Umpires—At the plate, Klem; on the bases, Egan; in the outfield, Rigler and Connolly. Time of game, one hour and forty minutes.

CONNIE MACK AGAIN MASTER OF M'GRAW

Receipts and Attendance

Philadelphia, October 11.—Forty-nine players, who participated in the series this week, will divide \$135,163.50 between them on the basis of 60 per cent to the winners and 40 per cent to the losers. The stockholders of each of the two clubs will have \$70,160.50 to divide. The National Commission receives \$32,508 for overseeing the five-game contest; the entire gate receipts, amounting to \$325,000, coming from the pockets of 151,000 fans, who paid to witness the play. To-day's attendance totaled 36,652, with receipts at \$75,675.50.

"IVORY" FIGURED IN WORK OF GIANTS

"Chief" Meyers Makes No Attempt to Excuse Poor Play of Teammates.

CARDS GUMMED EVERY GAME

Athletics Show Wonderful Consistency, Both Offensively and Defensively.

BY JOHN ("CHIEF") MEYERS.

Polo Grounds, New York, October 11.—We are champions of the National League; you can't take that away from us. The Athletics left us very little else. Coming over here for the big end of the world's series money was just like robbing the baby's bank. I cannot attempt to excuse the poor play of the Giants. If it had been only one game that their faults stuck out so prominently, I could have attributed it to the vagary of form reversal. But every start the cards were gummed. From start to finish the Athletics showed us up. We simply thrust games upon them.

There is no halfway in baseball. A team must either win or lose. We could have stood to lose had we played as we can, but it broke my heart to see the way things went. I suppose that during the four of the games, I had a better chance to look on from the outside. If our team showed any major league baseball I failed to see it. My heart broke for Mathewson. He pitched two of the best games of his life and won one of them. Somehow the Giants do not or will not play for the old master. I do not wish to rest on the stability of Plank. He surprised me. They told me he couldn't come back so quickly. But he pitched every bit as well as on Wednesday. His work was a thing of beauty. He held the Giants to two hits, and in seven of the nine innings not one of our batters reached first.

Not a Run Earned. But Matty was every bit as effective as the "Gettysburg Gatling." He was in several holes and would have pulled out with half the support afforded his rival. There was not a run earned on either side. "Bone" figured in all the tallies, and, unfortunately, New York was guilty of every bit of the "ivory" stuff.

George Burns' ill-judged throw to the plate was somewhat excusable, in light of this boy's inexperience. I have said and still maintain that such men are not to be depended upon in tight places.

But there was no excuse for Merkle's bad play on Baker's grounder. Had he played Baker's grounder to the plate, Murphy could have been trapped for the second out.

Throughout this series the Athletics have shown wonderful consistency, both offensively and defensively. They have hit our pitchers as hard and as timely as any team that ever faced them. But still we would have taken the long end of the money if we had played the game the way we played it throughout the National League campaign. Three of the four games we lost were simply thrown away.

I wish to say for Connie Mack that he has one grand ball club, and that it is likely to figure prominently in the national pastime for many years to come. They are all young, vigorous and aggressive fellows and imbued, every one of them, with the spirit that makes for championships.

Bender and Plank are wonderful veterans. To my mind, they stand very close to Mathewson. I think he is the greatest pitcher of all time.

INVINCIBLES, 24; HIGHLAND PARK, 6

The Invincibles defeated the Highland Park football team yesterday afternoon 24 to 6, in an interesting game. The Invincibles scored first on a fumble. The Highland Park team scored on a touchdown. The offensive work of Goodall, Carter and W. Quarles and Perkins were the features for Highland Park, while the defensive work of Lichenstein and Russell, the defensive work of Captain Brumble, Hoover, Hogerson and Vaughan-Lloyd and the all-round work of Montgomery featured the game for the Invincibles.

The Invincibles will play the strong Tyler team next Saturday, and one of the best games of the season is expected.

Win Close Foursome. Atlanta, Ga., October 11.—Edward Ray and Harry Vardon, British golf experts, to-day won a close foursome at the Eastlake course here, defeating Stewart Maiden and Willie Mann, local professionals, 1 up in a 36-hole best ball match.

HOPES OF GIANTS THWARTED AT END OF MACKIAN BATS

Athletics Win the Fifth Game of Series and the Championship.

PLANK IS MASTER OF HIS OPPONENTS

Of All Attacking Force, Only Two Able to Land Safely Upon Him—Mathewson Fights Superb Battle, but Is Victim of Fates That Determine Outcome.

BY GUS MALBERT.

Polo Grounds, New York, October 11.—For the third time in four years Cornelius McGillicuddy wears the diamond-studded gonfalon, emblematic of the baseball championship of the universe. Edward Plank, the thirty-nine-year wearying dodger of Time's scythe, pitched himself to everlasting glory when the Athletics broke through the guard of the grandest ringmaster the game has ever produced, Christopher Mathewson, and landed his bat on three runs in the early stages of the contest. It was a game struggle against horrible odds that the Giants were putting up, but when Plank held them to two hits and one run, largely a gift offering, the blood of the loyal legion began to run cold, and while sentiment asked for a Mathewson win, cool, calculating sense said that Plank had served the cause too well for disaster to overtake him.

As in the case of the flag that went to the well one too often, even Mathewson broke in his second trial. Rival of Plank on three previous occasions, two of which were mere college tilts, with the third was in the previous world's series, the stout heart of the blond-haired Titan shed tears of blood as he saw his most cherished hope thwarted at the end of Mackian bats. They got to him early while Plank, with the promise that to-day's game meant the championship, should he be defeated, literally pumped every drop of red blood from his veins in an endeavor to win. He was successful, while to Mathewson comes only the glory that goes with the great in defeat.

Matty Always Superb. He was always superb, was this master general. Never did his earnestness waver, never did he lose the knack of doing that faced certain death with the courage born of long years of campaigning. He saw Fred Merkle falter when an impending tally was to come across; watched that tally score, and yet never flinched, but went back at the task as the last in the age undimmed and strength given added courage in spite of the laxness of his defense. He was beaten and admitted it, beaten by the better team, but the margin should never have been so wide.

It is the story of the old masters—Edward Plank turned thirty-nine and Christopher Mathewson turned thirty-three. Verily youth does demand its toll, for these are two of the most dexterous of all dwellers in the ring, gathered for the final and irrevocable war that is to tell the story for all times of a series of games carrying honors and glory and vast financial compensation, and both men in the very heyday of existence, "old" by the unfeeling. Each has witnessed thirteen years of service; each has brought honors and glories to his team; each is built of the same stuff from the sturdiest springs, and yet one must lose.

Hardly had the cheering been throttled in the throats of the too happy visitors from the home of Penn when the mathematically gathered Plank up on their shoulders and carried him to the clubhouse. His teammates, all of whom had implicit faith in his ability to win, patted his back, while admirers from the stands stood with their arms around him, and the winds praise in honor of the man who had dared and won. Behind it all sat Connie Mack, silent, taciturn—just the general who was willing that his warriors should get the praise. When the final estimate is made, he must know that upon the strategic moves made by him will rest the ultimate glory.

Plank Seems Superman. It was more than marvelous. Plank seemed a Superman. Never was there a wabble of energy. With the youthful Walter Schang offering suggestions from time to time as to what offering would be best to bewilder the Giants, it was nevertheless Plank who at all times gave the final word. Frequently when Schang desired some particular offering, a nod of the head from Plank changed the plan of battle.

Invariably Plank was successful. Of all the Giant attacking force, just two were able to land safely upon him. Fittingly Christopher Mathewson was one, while Larry McLean, the volunteer catcher, who took Chief Meyers's place when the great warrior was injured, was the other. It was McLean's safe knock that scored Art Shafer with the first and only tally for the New Yorks.

It was a mighty problem that the crowd of nearly 40,000 had to solve to-day—Mathewson against Plank. Both had won their spurs, both had grown weary in service. Within the breasts of all there must have mingled both joy and sorrow. Whichever had lost, the crowd would have been sorrowful.

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